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# Mill o' Tifty's Annie:

A BUCHAN BALLAD.

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES, LEGENDARY,  
HISTORICAL, AND CRITICAL.

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"Truth is potent, and the widely received tradition of this local tragedy no doubt gives an additional zest to the simple pathos of this quaint and popular romance. . . . It is neither the rhyme nor the rhythm, but simply the tragic story of 'Mill o' Tifty's Annie' for which the kindly Scottish heart has any real sympathy."—*Rev. Dr Pratt.*

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Given to me by Lady  
Caroline Chester who  
got it from Sir Noel  
Paterson in Calnebury.

This is a good sample  
of backward poetry;  
dramatic, simple, &  
rough; mended,  
but well mended.

J. F. Campbell  
Widely Lodge  
Bensington.

## INTRODUCTION.

THE ballads of any country are perhaps the earliest form of its literature. When faithfully brought down to our times, they exhibit striking pictures, photographs of the manners and customs of the noteworthy men and women of the era in which they were composed; and they illustrate the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, common to every age and sex.

The *Book of Jasher*, quoted in the early Historic Book of the Bible, is considered by Dr Eadie, the eminent biblical critic, to have been "apparently a national collection, in the form of ballads, containing the records of great men and great deeds;" and the works of Homer, had they not been collected and united into their present form by Pisistratus, would, if preserved at all, have appeared to succeeding generations, as a series of detached ballads, referring to an age which, but for these works, would have been styled barbaric, instead of heroic. The first glimpse we acquire of the Gothic race, on the slopes of the Hastz or by the waters of the Baltic, is through the medium of ballad lore. The chiefs went to battle accompanied by their skalds, or harpers; and so honoured were these poet-historians, whose praises elevated men into muses and, by apotheosis, into gods, that they used to pass free from camp to camp of opposing armies. As nations advanced in civilization and refinement, and great men and great deeds became imbedded in these written chronicles, the successors of the skalds gave forth metrical tales, principally of tragic complexion, of wondrous deeds by flood and field; poured out a brief but intense glare of supernatural light over these dim and untravelled realms of doubt and dread, whose every nook the giant superstitions of older days has colonized with a prodigal profession of mysterious and spiritual inhabitants; or they sung of love, jealousy, or despair, embalming in verse the actors in domestic tragedy; or, in broad, humorous tale, fixing in bright colours the doings and oddities of cotemporary men and women; arresting through the muse, either in a halo of glory or disgrace, an otherwise fleeting fame and name.

The north of Scotland can favourably contrast with other portions of the island in possessing many such ballad remains. The simple and pathetic tale of the ill-starred loves of "Mill o' Tifty's bonnie Annie" and the Trumpeter of Fyvie has delighted and charmed, by its very simplicity and pathos, tens of thousands of gentle hearts, young and old, not only in Aberdeenshire, where it is "familiar as household words," but over the length and breadth of the kingdom. When it was first published in Peterhead by the eminent and now world-wide known ballad editor, the late Peter Buchan, from a copy taken down from the singing of an old woman, so great was the interest manifested in it that no fewer than 35,000 copies were rapidly purchased in Aberdeenshire alone. Since that time the ballad has been repeatedly published in the ephemeral form of broadside, or the more lasting works of ballad editors.

The sets vary much, and this is hardly to be wondered at. Many ballads have undergone a good deal of tinkering. The temptation to help a halting stanza, to complete a fragment, or to interpolate a line, was too great to be resisted. The present copy has been most carefully collated with all previous editions, and will supply the love-lorn tale in as perfect a form as can at this period be obtained. The story is the "old, old story" of true love, a broken heart and death, of parents' pride and brothers' and sisters' harshness and cruelty, followed by remorse. The heroine was Agnes (familiarily and commonly changed into the pet name of Nannie) Smith, daughter of the farmer and miller of Mill of Tifty, in the parish of Fyvie. The hero was Andrew Lammie, the trumpeter to the Lord of Fyvie, whose castle is in the immediate neighbourhood, and just "roun' frae Tifty's toune." Agnes Smith died of a broken heart, and, as noted in the ballad, she was interred in the green churchyard of Fyvie. Over her remains, a roughly-cut stone was erected, bearing the following inscription:—"Heir lyes Agnes Smith, who departit the 19 of Januari, 1673." The last edition of the statistical account of Scotland says:—"About the middle of the churchyard there is a humble grave, but one possessed of a certain romantic interest—that of the heroine of the pathetic Scotch ballad called 'Tiftie's Bonnie Annie.' The original tombstone having become decayed, Mr Gordon of Fyvie, a few years ago, caused a new one to be placed upon it, a fac-simile in every respect. The name of the unfortunate damsel, the story of whose love is so finely told in the ballad, was Agnes Smith. The common pronounciation of her Christian name was Nannie, which in the ballad is farther metamorphosed into Annie." The second headstone has been further supplemented by a very handsome monument, in the form of a cross of polished granite, noting the date of the heroine's death, and accompanied by the following words:—"Erected by public subscription, 1869." Both the monument and the second gravestone are enclosed within a very handsome railing, adding very much to the beauty of the place. What was the fate of bonnie Andrew Lammie is not known; but the current tradition of the Lewes of Fyvie says that, some years after his true love's death, her sad story being mentioned, and the ballad sung in a company in Edinburgh where he was present, he remained motionless and silent till he was discovered by a deep groan suddenly bursting from him, and *several of the buttons flying from his waistcoat*, as in the ballad of "Annan water:—"

Oh! he has pulled aff his dapperpy coat,  
The silver buttons glanced bonnie;  
The waistcoat bursted aff his breast,  
He was so full of melancholy.

Shakespeare, in his exquisite picture of excessive grief, makes Lear call to those around him to "unbutton him;" but the inhabitants of Fyvie's lands borrowed this trait in the sad story neither from Shakespeare nor from the status and story of Lascoon and his sons, but from the teachings of nature as shown in the sorrows of a heart engulfed in the whirlpool of despair—"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."



## MILL O' TIFTY'S ANNIE.

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AT Mill o' Tifty lived a man,  
In the neighbourhood o' Fyvie,  
Wha had a lovely daughter 'Nan,'  
Was aye ca'd bonnie Annie.

Her bloom was like the springing flower  
That hails the rosy morning,  
With innocence an' graceful mein  
Her beauteous form adorning.

Lord Fyvie had a trumpeter  
Wha's name was Andrew Lammie ;  
He had the art to gain the heart  
O' Mill o' Tifty's Annie.

He was proper withal, both young an' tall,  
His like was nae in Fyvie ;  
Nor was ane there that could compare  
Wi' this same Andrew Lammie.

Lord Fyvie he rade by the door  
 Whar livèd Tifty's Annie,  
 His trumpeter rade him afore,  
 E'en this same Andrew Lammie.

Her mother to the door cri'd Nan,  
 ' Come here to me, my Annie,  
 Did ever you see a prettier man  
 Than this trumpeter o' Fyvie ?'

She naething said, but sighed fu' sad—  
 Alas for bonnie Annie !  
 She durstna own her heart was stown  
 By the trumpeter o' Fyvie.

At night when they to bed did gae,  
 A' slept fu' soun' but Annie ;  
 Love sae oppresst her tender breast  
 Wi' thoughts o' Andrew Lammie.

' In thought love comes to my bedside,  
 An' love lies down beyond me ;  
 Oh love like mine is sare to bide !  
 An' love will waste my body.

' The first time I my love did meet  
 Was in the woods o' Fyvie,  
 His bonnie face and speech sae sweet  
 Soon gained the heart o' Annie.

' Whan he did ca' me *Mistress*. " Na,"  
 Said I, " I'm Tifty's Annie."  
 Wi' apples sweet he did me treat,  
 An' kisses saft an' mony.

' It's up an' doon in Tifty's den,  
 Whar the burn rins clear an' bonnie,  
 I've aften gane to meet alane  
 My bonnie Andrew Lammie.'

But now some word her father heard  
 That the trumpeter o' Fyvie,  
 Wi' cunnin' art, had gained the heart  
 O's daughter, bonnie Annie.

Her father soon a letter wrat',  
 An' sent it on to Fyvie,  
 ' *My daughter is bewitched, I wat,  
 By your man Andrew Lammie.*'

Then up the stair his trumpeter  
 Lord Fyvie callèd shortly,  
 ' Pray tell me, loon, what's this you've done  
 To Tifty's bonnie Annie ?'

' In wicked art I took nae part,  
 Nor therein am I canny ;  
 True love alane the heart did gain  
 O' Tifty's bonnie Annie.

' Oh wae betide auld Tifty's pride,—  
 For pride has ruined mony ;  
 He'll no hae't said, that she su'd wed  
 The trumpeter o' Fyvie.

' Whar will I find a boy sae kind  
 As will carry a letter canny,  
 An' will rin roon to Tifty's toon  
 An' gie't to my love Annie ?'

' Here will ye find a boy as kind  
 As carry your letter canny,  
 An' will rin roon to Tifty's toon  
 An' gie't to thy love Annie.'

' Tho' Tifty he has daughters three,  
 Wha are a' wondrous bonnie,  
 Ye'll ken my love o'er a' the lave,  
 Gie this to bonnie Annie :

*" It's up an' doon in Tifty's glen,  
Whar the burn rins clear an' bonnie,  
If thou wilt come, I will atten',  
For, love, I lang to see thee.*

*" Or, come thou to the brig o' Skue,  
An' there will I meet wi' thee,  
Our promise true we'll there renew,  
Afore I gang an' lea'e thee."*

*' My love, I'm boun' to Edinboro toon,  
I for a time maun lea thee.'  
She sighèd sore but said no more  
Than, ' Oh ! that I were wi' thee.'*

*' If ye'll be true an' constant too,  
As I am Andrew Lammie,  
I'll wed thee when I come again  
To see the howes o' Fyvie.'*

*' I will be true and constant too  
To thee, my Andrew Lammie ;  
But dead I'll be, ere again ye see,  
Your Tifty's bonnie Annie.*

*' A bridal gown I'll buy to thee,  
My love, I'll buy it bonnie.'  
' But soon my bridal bed will be  
In the green kirkyard o' Fyvie.'*

*' My time is gone, and now I fear,  
My love, that I maun lea thee ;  
For if we linger langer here,  
My father he might see me.*

*' For ever, noo, I bid adieu  
To thee, my Andrew Lammie ;  
Ere ye come, I know, I'll be laid low  
In the green kirkyard o' Fyvie.'*

He on the head o' the Castle stood—  
 The high house tap o' Fyvie—  
 He blew his trumpet shrill an' loud,  
 'Twas heard at Mill o' Tifty.

Her father, the toon at e'en gaed roun' •  
 'To lock the doors fu' canny,  
 An' whan he heard the trumpet soun'  
 Said, 'Yer cow is lowin', Annie.'

'My father dear, I pray forbear,  
 Reproach nae mair your Annie,  
 For that cow's low I'd rather hear  
 'Than hae a' the kye in Fyvie.

'I wadna for my braw new gown,  
 An' a' yer gifts sae mony,  
 That it were tauld in Fyvie roun',  
 How cruel ye are to Annie.

'But if ye strike me, I will cry,  
 An' gentlemen will hear me,  
 Lord Fyvie will be ridin' by,  
 An he'll come in an' see me.'

Just then Lord Fyvie came in by  
 An' said 'What ails thee, Annie?'  
 'It's a' for love; noo I maun die  
 For bonnie Andrew Lammie.'

'Now, Mill o' Tifty, pray agree,  
 An' let your daughter marry;  
 'Twill be wi' ane o' higher degree  
 Than the trumpeter o' Fyvie!'

'Gin she war' come o' blood as high  
 As she's o' peerless beauty,  
 It's take her to myself would I,  
 An' mak' her my ain lady.'

‘ Tho’ wide the boun’s o’ Fyvie lands—  
 An’ oh ! they’re wondrous bonnie—  
 I wadna leave my ain true love,  
 For a’ the lands o’ Fyvie.’

Her cruel father strak her sare,  
 As also did her mother,  
 Her sisters mocked her, late an’ ear’,  
 But wae be to her brother ;

Her brother strak her wondrous sore,  
 Baith cruel strokes an’ mony,  
 An’ brak her back at the ha’ door,  
 For likin’ Andrew Lammie.

‘ Alas ! my father and mother, you  
 Are cruel to your Annie ;  
 Wi’ love my heart was broke, and noo  
 My brother braks my body.

‘ Oh, mother !’ she said, ‘ ye’ll make my bed,  
 An’ lav my face to Fyvie,  
 Thus will I lie, thus will I die,  
 For my dear Andrew Lammie.

‘ Ye neighbours a’, baith far and near,  
 Now pity Tifty’s Annie,  
 Wha dies for ane that she lo’es dear,  
 My bonnie Andrew Lammie.

‘ Nae kind o’ vice my life e’er stained,  
 Or hurt my virgin honour ;  
 By love, my youthfu’ heart was gained,  
 But death will me exoner.’

Her mother then her bed did mak’,  
 And laid her face to Fyvie ;  
 Her tender heart wi’ grief did brak—  
 She died for Andrew Lammie.

Lord Fyvie wrang his hands an' said,  
 ' Alas for Tifty's Annie !  
 By love's cut down the fairest maid  
 That ever bloomed in Fyvie.

' Oh ! wae betide auld Tifty's pride,  
 He might have let them marry ;  
 I wad hae gi'en them baith to bide  
 Within the lands o' Fyvie.'

Her father now does sore lament  
 The loss o' his fair Annie,  
 An' wishes he had gi'en consent  
 To her weddin' Andrew Lammie.

Her mother grieves both ear' an' late,  
 And sisters baith that scorned her ;  
 Sarely her brother feels regret  
 For the cruel usage gi'en her.

When Andrew hame frae Edinboro came,  
 Wi' muckle grief an' sorrow,  
 ' For love o' me did my love die,  
 For her I'd die to-morrow.

' I'll gang alane to Tifty's glen,  
 Whar the burn rins clear an' bonnie,  
 Wi' tears I'll view the brig o' Skue,  
 Whar last I saw my Annie.

' Then wend toward the green kirkyard,  
 "*The green kirkyard o' Fyvie,*"  
 My tears I'll shed where my love's laid,  
 Till I follow my bonnie Annie.'

Ye parents grave, wha children have,  
 In guidin' them be canny,  
 Tak' kindly tent, lest ye repent,  
 Remember Tifty's Annie.

## NOTES.

IN our introduction to this ballad, no notes of a critical kind have been made. We now append the following for the satisfaction of more critical readers, and in justification of the alterations effected. From first to last, many and very different versions of "Tifty's Annie" have appeared. In 1806, Mr R. Jamieson published, at Edinburgh, two defective versions termed "Andrew Lammie, or the Trumpeter o' Fyvie" and "Tifty's Nanny." In 1825, Mr Peter Buchan published, at Peterhead, his "Gleanings of Ancient Ballads of the North of Scotland," among which was included the ballad of "Mill o' Tifty's Annie." From these versions seem to have sprung all the other sets. In the versions generally given, there are many obvious departures from what had been the original reading of the ballad. Words are often misplaced to the loss of rhyme and rhythm, and lines and verses in some cases are out of place, while some rhymes are lost by the substitution of modern English words for the old Scotch or Buchan vernacular in which the ballad had, undoubtedly, originally been composed. In the present edition, an attempt has been made to correct these inaccuracies and to restore the rhyme and rhythm, as far as this can be done without changing ideas or detracting from that simplicity for which this ballad has been so much admired. The mode adopted to restore the ballad will be best illustrated by giving an example. Where rhyme is wanting in the ballad, we look for an English word, which certainly has been Scotch in the original, and restore it; and, in most cases, it brings about the required rhyme. Thus, Buchan's version reads:—

Tifty he has daughters three,  
Who all are wondrous bonnie;  
But ye'll ken *her* o'er a' the *rest*,  
Give *that* to bonnie Annie.

Here *rest* is clearly a modern word, so we make it *lave*. In another version, we find the *her* omitted and *my love* substituted; hence, the more simple and infinitely better reading of the verse:—

Tho' Tifty he has daughters three,  
Wha are a' wondrous bonnie;  
Ye'll ken my love o'er a' the *lave*,  
Gie this to bonnie Annie.

It is to be expected that the common reading of the first verse will be preferred by some. One reason for adopting the present is that it is in strict accordance with *rhyme and reason*, which the other is not. The second verse is evidently of modern date, and belongs to a different style of versifying from that observed in the ballad. The first line in the third verse we have good reason to believe had originally read:—

At Fyvie ther' was a trumpeter,

but we prefer the simplicity of the ordinary reading as given. In common with the second verse, we believe the verse commencing

Nae kind o' vice my life e'er stained

to be of modern date.



The name of the bridge where the lovers met for the last time has been variously given in the reprints of the ballad, as Sheugh, Slugh, Sleugh, Skew, Skeugh. The latter has come to be the name almost universally given to it "in the neighbourhood o' Fyvie." In most cases this ought to settle the point, but the melody of the ballad is against it. "With tears I'll view the brig o' Skeugh" is not sufficiently melodious. On visiting the bridge some years ago, we found it a small and seemingly very old stone bridge over the burn of Tifty, and built obliquely to the line of the road, as a Buchan man would say *with a skue*. Moreover, its buttments are not in line with the course of the burn, so that the current is slightly turned by them, as a sailor would say, *they slue it round a bit*. Whether the name has been given from any of these causes we cannot say, but no other reason being apparent, we have adopted "Skue," which suits the rhyme in the two verses where it occurs.

Professor Aytoun, in his "Ballads of Scotland," gives one as "The Trumpeter o' Fyvie," as being framed from "Collation of various copies, but chiefly of two which were given in Mr Jamieson's two volumes." Twelve of the thirty-five verses as given are almost identical with our version, but as a rule the ballad is much inferior to the stall copies in common circulation. We subjoin a few verses as a specimen:—

"There springs a rose in Fyvie's yard,  
And O but it springs bonny;  
There's a daisy in the middle o't,  
Its name is Andrew Lammie.

"I wish the rose were in my breast,  
For the love I bear the daisy;  
So blythe and merry as I wad be,  
And kiss my Andrew Lammie.

"The first time I and my love met  
Was in the wood o' Fyvie,  
He kissed me and he dawted me,  
Ca'd me his bonny Annie.

"He kiss'd my lips a thousand times,  
And aye he ca'd me bonny;  
And aye sinsyne himsel' was kind,  
My bonnie Andrew Lammie."

Syne he's come back frae Edinburgh  
To the bonny hows o' Fyvie;  
And ay his face to the nor'-east  
To look for Tifty's Annie.

"I hae a love in Edinburgh,  
And sae hae I in Leith, man;  
I hae a love intill Montrose,  
Sae hae I in Dalkeith, man.

"And east and west, where'er I gae,  
My love she's always wi' me;  
For east and west, where'er I gae,  
My love she dwells in Fyvie.

"But Tifty winna gie consent  
His dochter me to marry;  
Because she has five thousand marks,  
And I have not a penny."









